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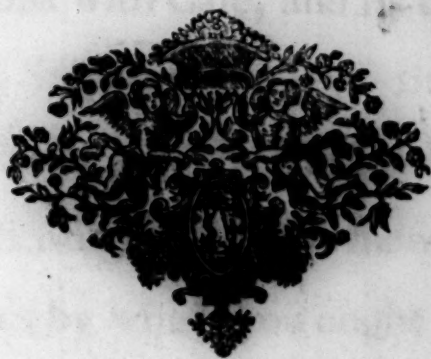
S C R I B L I N G,

Address'd to

All the SCRIBBLERS of the AGE.

B Y

S C R I B L E R U S M A X I M U S.



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. DODD, without Temple-Bar.

MDCCXXXIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

Contains a ref. to E. Currell's habit of printing the name
of Joseph Gay on his title-pages. (Copied in Note book, i.
155.), p. 19, lines 21 & 22.

A R T

S C R I B L I N G

Addressed to

All the SCRIBERS of the AGE.

BY

S C R I B E R S - J A N U A R Y 1 7 5 2

L O A D O W

Printed for A. Dodd, without Subscription.

M D C C X X I I

[Price One Shilling]

THE
ART
OF
SCRIBLING.

WHOE'ER ye be, that Scribling can't refrain,
Read this with Care, and its true Knack attain;
Whether through Spleen, or want of Bread you write,
To get you Fame, or give the World Delight,
In ev'ry kind of Scribling vers'd, I shew
The various Rules by which you ought to go:
By these, though void of Learning, or good Parts,
You shall attain the various Scribling Arts;
Such Arts, as Thousands have consign'd to Fame,
That otherwise had liv'd without a Name.

To shew, I no dictating Sir commence,
Without Ability, or just Pretence,

My Education (to a Proverb mean)
 Sets me above all Fools the Town has seen ;

 A perfect Ignorance of Books I thank,
 Of Scriblers I may claim the highest Rank ;
 None of my Brethren have so little Wit,
 Or, to supply the same, a Front to fit :
Hen-y You'd blush to see my brazen Face,
 And *Carus* in Scurrility give Place ;
Th--ald, in Dulness yields me up the Bell,
 And *Cu--l* Obscenity ne'er wrote so well ;
 The Female *Sappho* I can far outtrail,
 And Brother *S--lmon*'s Pen e'er mine wou'd fail ;
D--nnis in Criticism yields to me,
 For oft I Books condemn, I never see ;
 In Poetry I justly may refuse
 To give the upper hand to *Colley*'s Muse ;
 None with such Art, another's Works can steal,
 Or from the World so well the Theft conceal :
Alleyne, or *C--ffee* ne'er so gull'd the Town,
 Although they call their Piracies their own ;
 State Tricks, and Ministerial Arts I canvass,
 Better by far than either *Fog* or *D'Anvers*,
 A Whiggish Spirit to the World I show,
 While I conceal a Tory Soul below,

None

None for the People's Rights so loudly bawl,
 Had I a Place—the Devil might take 'em all.
 I'm one of honest *Cu—l's* chief Pamphleteers,
 And gain'd a Crown, by what he lost his Ears;
 Oft with insidious Watch, I News way-lay,
 And let my Ears for Eighteen Pence a Day;
 In vacant Hours I doleful Ditties Pen,
 At hanging Times, the Words of dying Men;
 Often, to escape some Bailiff's watchful Eye,
 Compell'd to sit in wretched Garret high;
 As oft for want of Cloaths confin'd in Bed,
 I pen the Memoirs of some Person dead;
 Hints of new Pieces, Flirts of flashy Wit,
 Rough Draughts, and taking Names for Things unwrit,
 Just newly hatch'd, to Paper I commit.
 No Subject comes amiss, I write on any,
 By which to live, and earn an honest Penny,
 No Scribler half so much his Brains can beat,
 Or by his Brains so little get to eat;
 Hunger and Thirst I often undergo,
 And for dear Scribbling ev'ry Hardship know.

Yet I must own, although I take such Pains
 In this Employ, and get so little Gains;
 Though Bailiffs constantly are at my Tail,
 And threaten me with an approaching Jail;

I can't

I can't endure, though ten times better paid,
 To exercise my true Profession—Trade;
 Like all my Tribe, my proper Sphere I scorn,
 Business I hate—I was a Scribler born;
 And who within a Shop confin'd would sit,
 That can maintain himself like Men of Wit?
 Besides, the Truth to speak, I'm lazy too,
 And can't endure corporeal Work to do;
 And though by writing, I live very ill,
 One Good I find—'tis done by sitting still.
 I own for Learning, I have none at all;
 As little Wit—but I've an inward Call;
 And what need proper Parts, or Education,
 To those, that have a scribbling Inclination?
Shakespear had little Learning all agree,
 Why mayn't I then turn Bard as well as he?
Latin and *Greek*, and silly Rules of Art,
 He plainly shew'd, were all not worth a F---t;
 He all his Draughts by Force of Nature drew,
 And I am sure, I work by Nature too,
 Since then for Learning on a Par we lie,
 My Fancy tells me, I shall rise as high,
 ----- My Chance at least, I am resolv'd to try.

How say you, Sriblers! Is it not my Right,
 Thus qualify'd, the scribbling Art to write?

I'm

I'm positive, each Member ask'd aside,
 My Claim o'er each wou'd never be deny'd,
 None wou'd maintain their equal Lack of Wit,
 —None consequently for the Task so fit.
 Attend ye then, my Friends, both high and low;
 And each your Rules, by what you scribble, know.
 The greatest Care (as all of you can tell)
 Of Scriblers, is to make their Writings sell;
 The various Artifices you may use,
 To forward this, is now the Theme I chuse.
 And First, ye Statesmen! I address to you,
 To Politicians, the first Place is due.
 If by your Parts, you can't your Ends attain,
 Espouse some Party—this your Point will gain;
 The most insipid, senseless, wretched Stuff,
 Against Sir B. will pass off fast enough;
 Make a loud Roaring for the Publick Good,
 Many by this, have long a Jail withstood:
 Or if you chuse to give the Court your Pen,
 And enter into Pay like other Men;
 (For Pay is really necessary here,
 Writing on this Side won't your Charges bear;)
 Whate'er you do, if you wou'd get a Place,
 Give Minister's Designs a pleasing Face;

Persuade the People, all the Steps they take
 Against their Rights, are purely for their sake;
 Practise the Zeal that *Carus* often shows,
 Call Merchants Knaves, and tell them whence they rose;—
 (Well might they have from this *Hybernian* Elf,
 No better Parents than he had himself.)
 These are the Rules, by which you'll surely rise
 From Party-Scriblers, to collect Excise;
 Many, that nothing else can recommend,
 We daily see by this attain their End;
 Happy for them! instead of Garret high,
 As formerly, in furnish'd Rooms to lye;
 Instead of footing it about the Town,
 To loll in gilded Chariots of their own!
 Observe, you Scriblers that in Party deal,
 Always the Truth on either Part conceal;
 Stick not to lie a Patron's Fault to hide,
 Or in remarking them o' t'other side;
 Your Adversary's Words misrepresent,
 And strain his Sense, to what he never meant;
 If ought he urge, your Cunning can't confute,
 Tax him with Dullness, and on that dispute;
 His Words dissect, anatomize his Sense,
 And prove him wrong by Dint of Mood and Tense.

With

With Party-Men it is a standing Rule,
 Whate'er they can't confute, to ridicule :
Hen-y, for want of Arguments, distress'd,
 Turns Politicks, like Scripture, to a Jest ;
 None scold so well about Affairs of State,
 As those inspir'd by Discontent and Hate ;
 Invectives never are so sharp and keen,
 As when they rise from disappointed Spleen.
 Have you no Place ? Exclaim against the Laws,
 And make your private Grudge the People's Cause,
 Although you mean no Good, you'll gain Applause.

Whate'er you do, the gainful Secret learn,
 Of giving Books, a Name of high Concern ;
B-g--l this Craft has lately practis'd well,
 His Liberty and Property can tell :
 People, that like a Title, rarely look
 Beyond the Title, e'er they buy the Book.
 None, that have scribbled long, need here be told,
 Always to answer Books that well have sold ;
 A good Reception rarely is deny'd,
 To what is offer'd on the other Side ;
 And though your Answer be not worth a Straw,
 From t'other's Sale it will a Purchase draw :
 Thus Men *Courants*, and *London Journals* buy,
 To see if *D'Anvers* flags, or tells a Lie ;

As People oft the Works of *Dennis* sought,
 To see if *Pope* was guilty of a Fault.
 State Altercations fell throughout the Year,
 But mostly, when the Parliament is near ;
 And now it is that Letters must be wrote,
 To *Country Members*, or some *Man* of Note.
 Thus much for Party-Men---Proceed my Muse,
 To lay down Laws for them that scribble News,
 Who live by due Retailing every Day,
 What this Man did, or what that Man did say ;
 All the Transactions of the World make known,
 And lend the Publick Ears, to save their own.
 For you, my Friends, be it your only Care,
 To publish Things miraculous and rare ;
 A Monster you may trump up once a Week,
 And frequently of horrid Murders speak ;
 Sad Accidents must oft your Papers grace,
 And dismal Fires, that burnt down such a Place :
 These you may have without Expence or Pains,
 From those News-coining Mints, your teeming Brains.
 'Tis hard to dive into the News of State,
 That Article too much concerns the Great ;
 Whatever Things you write about the Court,
 It must suffice, you have them by Report ;

Advance-

Advancements, Rifings, you may largely make ;
 If wrong, the Posts with ease you may retake :
Knights you may dub, and *Bishops* make by guess,
 And *Peers* create by Patent from the Press :
Kings, at your Pleasure, you may doom to Death ;
 And from the healthiest *Lord* detach his Breath.
 Should you be told, some Man of Note is ill,
 Though Death may linger, you at once may kill :
 If he recovers, you was but mista'en,
 And may with ease return his Life again :
 But if his Honour shou'd indeed depart,
 An *Exit Paragraph* compose with Art ;
 Relate his Lineage, whom he had to Wife ;
 But above all—the Praises of his Life ;
 How all the World in Lamentation strive,
 For him deceas'd, that ne'er did Good alive.
 Whene'er you tell of Marriages, take care
 The Brides be rich, and most divinely fair ;
 Though false, they're Things of course, and answer well,
 Your Paper with large Paragraphs to swell :
 Perhaps may answer too some private Ends,
 —A Crown, or so, from Madam or her Friends.

In ancient Times, when *Johnson* wore the Bays,
 They were too high for Scriblers, that wrote Plays :

But now each little Namby-Pamby Bard,
 Esteems that easy, *Ben* himself thought hard;
 Unaided, or by Learning, or by Brains,
 Pens that with Ease, which *Congreve* wrote with Pains:
 But as our Comedies, though stole, are scarce;
 And Tragedies all damn'd—I'll treat of Farce:
 And as Examples far exceed all Rules,
 Will, with my Laws, point out its choicest Tools.
 Yet how shall I pretend to set a Law,
 To what breeds Monsters Nature never saw;
Tom-Thumbs, and *Scaramouches*, Devils dire,
Jack Haxlequins, and *Dragons* spitting Fire;
 Creatures that Nature taught in Prose to speak,
 Their Meaning venting in a tuneful Squeak;
 With various others, that the *English* prize,
 To spoil their Morals, and delight their Eyes.
 Say *Th---ld!* Hast thou e'er the Devil seen?
 Hast thou to *Pluto's* Regions ever been,
 That you so well infernal Pranks display,
 And *Faustus* with such Pomp to Hell convey?
 If thou hast not, it is by all confess'd,
 No one e'er match'd thy Monster-breeding Breast.
 Scriblers! if you wou'd frightful Farces write,
 Study this Author, read him Day and Night;

No Tool of Farce that ever yet did live,
 Such Rules to scare an Audience can give;
 By *Faustus* he transcendant Fame has won,
 As much Applause the nimble Mr. *Lun.*
 But if in Farce a perfect Knack you'd gain,
 Go where they swarm, to polish'd *Drury-Lane*:
 There see *Mock-Captains, Doctors, Transformations,*
 The *Boarding-School*, and martyr'd *French Translations*;
 Scenes, that to Plays now obsolete belong,
 To Farces alter'd by a little Song:
 With such young *C-bber, C-ffee* treat the Pit,
 But oft get damn'd, for spoiling others Wit.
 Farces are now a most increasing Trade,
 For nought in Nature is so easy made:
 In brief, that all their Texture you may know,
 Learn it at once from these few Rules below;
 Turn over comick Authors till you find,
 Some tickling Incident that strikes your Mind;
 Your Business is half done when you have got,
 A *Dramatis Personæ*, and a Plot.
 But let the Names be every one new-coin'd,
 That none by these may know your Piece purloin'd:
 No Incoherency you need to fear,
 For every Thing is tolerated here.

Miller, ty'd round with Flasks, may reel and sputter;
Harper in Petticoats eat Bread and Butter:
 Mad *Trappolin* the Audience may regale,
 With a long *Groupe* of Devils at his Tail;
Cibber, from Faggots, Doctor may commence,
 And *Cheshire Cheese* for Physick may dispence.
 Nature in Farces rarely finds a Place,
 Their chief Ingredient is a queer Grimace:
 Be sure to fill them well with smutty Jokes,
 This Article a certain Clap provokes;
 But nothing recommends a Farce so soon,
 As select Flights of Nonsense set to Tune:
 These are the Things that most an Audience draw,
 And give our celebrated Plays the Law.
 | *Hamlet* and *Cato* can't allure the Town,
 Without Deserts of Farce to send them down;
 So Children will not wholesome Medicines take,
 Without some Bauble, or a Bit of Cake.

What need I take the Trouble to rehearse,
 Unnecessary Rules for making Verse?
 Since ev'ry Scribler thinks his Muse sublime,
 That Nine low Words can tag with a dull Rhime;
 And though to Learning, having small Pretence,
 To Genius less—a Poet does commence;

Fancies his Brain, if with some Maggot fir'd,
 By the whole God of Poetry inspir'd;
 (As *Burgundy*, if haply drunk by Cit,
 Addles his Brain, and makes him think h' 'as Wit;)
 On *Pegasus* believes he takes his Flight,
 To th' utmost Summit of *Parnassus*' Height:
 When had he but a true reflecting Glass,
 He might behold his *Pegasus* an Ass;
 Instead of mounting to the Epick Grot,
 To *Bathos* sinking with an easy Trot.
 Yet as Instruction, none of Sense refuse,
 Some Rules I'll give, and which you ought to use;
 They, well observ'd, your Fame will surely raise,
 And may in Time prefer you to the Bays:
 A glorious Height! which ne'er cou'd be attain'd
 By *Pope*, but was with ease by *Cibber* gain'd.
 Resound once more, my Verse, with *Cibber*'s Name!
 He was the Plan by which I rose to Fame;
 When fir'd by him, I *Cowley* cou'd engage,
 And soar on high with *Pindar*'s Godlike Rage:
Milton, though help'd by *Bently*, leave behind;
 and *Homer*-like, in Flights, outstrip the Wind.
 Read him, when Odes or Prologues you indite;
 But above all, when Tragedy you write.

As modern Criticks heartily detest
 The noblest Thoughts, in homely Language dress'd;
 Your trifling Thoughts in swelling Words declare,
 And Point, and Comma them, with *B-tley's* Care;
 An Art for which this Bard will famous be,
 To latest Times, and *Th--ald* well as he.
 Hail, Brother verbal Criticks! that pretend,
 Great *Milton's* Thoughts, and *Shakespear's* Wit to mend;
 With equal Right, some Hacker out of Stones,
 Might mend the Plans of *Burlington* or *Jones*.

Wou'd you attain each Poetastick Grace,
 And with the Laureat dispute his Place?
 Be taught to polish ev'ry Thought and Line,
 That with true Scribling Lustre they may shine?
 Peruse what *Omicron* of old has penn'd,
 Copy his Beauties, and obtain your End:
 Many beside, to all the World well known,
 Abound with Graces, you should make your own.
 Above them all, I claim this just Applause,
 My Verses are themselves Poetick Laws;
 Whoever reads these Numbers, will agree,
 The Soul of *Ogilby* presides in me.
 For Subjects ev'ry little Scribler knows,
 That all will suit for Verse, as well as Prose;

Trifles,

Trifles, in all its Majesty, they draw,
 And scarce abstain from Physick, and the Law;
 Our Epick Muse, discarding Heroes, Kings,
 —* *Shoo-heels* and * *Kites* heroically sings:
 The most unheeded Stuff, in Verse array'd,
 Goes off, with Profit to the Printing Trade;
 As wretched Books, that never else had sold,
 Are vended oft, when furbish'd up with Gold.

'Twou'd endless be my Labour to pursue,
 And for all sorts of Scribling give a Cue;
 A hundred Tongues I then might ask indeed,
 And of a hundred thousand stand in need;
 Yet Libel-Satyrs I can ne'er pass by,
 Such Multitudes, on Stalls, accost my Eye.
 Not those alone, that Labours of the Pen
 Attack, I mean—but all which blacken Men;
 Their Persons, Actions, known by bare Report,
 Do stigmatize, to make the Publick Sport;
 These, *Dormer*, *Rayner*, *Curl*, and *Slow* can tell,
 Do seldom fail to please most People well;
 The World to Scandal ever will be kind,
 And base Detraction, many Readers find;
 A Person's Virtues rarely move our Thoughts,
 But we're in Raptures when we hear his Faults.

* Two Poems so call'd.

Thus if a *certain Gentleman* you make
 As black as Hell, your Piece will surely take;
 H' 'as been a Theme for wretched Scriblers long,
 And those defame him most, he ne'er did wrong.
 Say! Wou'd it not be Justice to relate,
 With all his Faults, his Service to the State?
 That though he may regard his private Ends;
 Yet Malice owns, he truly serves his Friends.
 Much I'm in doubt, if those who call him base,
 With greater Candour wou'd supply his Place:
 And all unbiass'd Men I'm sure agree,
 None *can* direct the Helm as well as he.
 But Scriblers, when a Man they satyrize,
 Must to his Virtues ever shut their Eyes:
 Thus, when you *Gibber*, for his Muse, engage,
 Omit that he's unequall'd on the Stage.
 What cou'd disperse the Flights of *Sappho's* Muse,
 Did not *the Pope* in *Billingsgate* accuse?
 To Wit, I'm sure, we can't apply their Sale;
 That they had none—unless 'tis Wit to rail:
 (How nobler had it been to let us know,
 He keeps the Man, that was his greatest Foe!
 Hear this his Enemies! and all confess,
 His generous Nature, than his Wit no less)

Ah, *Sappho*, hold! and take a Friend's Advice;
 Purchase not Fame, at Reputation's Price:
 That you must lose, if you will thus reflect
 On one, whom all impartial Men respect:
 Your Satyr and Reflections are so mean,
 They may divert, but cannot raise his Spleen:
 The Shafts, indeed, you shot, were lost in Air;
 For all you said, he thought beneath his Care:
 So once a Lion thought a braying Ass,
 Beneath his noble Rage—so let him pass.
 Scriblers! wou'd you have Rules by which to call
 True *Billingsgate*? Read her, and find 'em all;
 And, like her too, to give your Satyr Force,
 Compose it spiteful, personal, and coarse.

Whene'er an Author's Works you wou'd defame,
 Accuse his Actions, Shape,—his very Name;
 For these have all by certain Men been done,
Dennis thereby the Criticks Bays has won.
 But if these fail, his Words misrepresent,
 And stretch his Sense, to what he never meant;
 Exclaim that you have found, for all his Tricks,
 His Books conceal most dang'rous Politicks:
 That all he writes, reflects upon the Great,
 And is obnoxious to the settled State.

Nor let your Spleen to Authors be confin'd,
 Your Scandal may extend to all Mankind;
 Thus if you chance to get a private Hint
 Of some Miscarriage---put it out in Print;
 Such Things with Joy by ev'ry one are known,
 All other's Faults wou'd see, but none their own:
 The greatest Persons, led by bare Report,
 You may descant upon, nor spare the Court;
Vanella's Lapsus was a lucky Hit,
 A spacious Field it gave for Scribling Wit.

I wou'd give Rules for writing People's Lives;
 But in that Art, no one with * *Edmund* strives:
 He long has had a pretty Source of Bread,
 By scandalizing noted Persons dead:
 Take him for Pattern, learn to future Times,
 Like him, to publish People's famous Crimes;
 Actions, that give the Actors Lives a Blot,
 And, but for him, had ever been forgot.
 Briefly, whatever Books you find do sell,
 Give them an Answer---whether ill, or well:
 Assure your self, while t'other has a Sale,
 Yours of a good Reception cannot fail.
 The World, the Judge, that must the Strife decide,
 Will well receive whatever is reply'd.

If your Antagonist will not maintain
 His Argument—reply your self again.
 Scriblers there be that with themselves dispute;
 Advance a Thesis, and again confute:
 While others have the most impartial Knack;
 All sorts and kinds of Writers to attack;
 Like *Drawcanfir*, on all Sides lay about 'em,
 And whether Foes, or Partizans, to rout 'em.
 Shou'd it so chance that you mistrust the Worth
 Of any Offspring, you have given Birth;
 The most experienc'd Scriblers of the Age,
 For this prescribe a *Taking Title-Page*.
 Bad Books with such are like a gilded Pill,
 Fair on the Surface, though the Taste be ill;
 And if got off unscrutiniz'd, their Stuff,
 Like Pills unchew'd, will pass down well enough:
C--r/ is a perfect Master of his Art,
 By this he puts off Books not worth a F--t.
 But shou'd this fail, this Man of mighty Fame
 Will tell you to prefix some noted Name:
 Poems by *Pope*, and Books by *Joseph Gay*,
 Are what he sells as genuine ev'ry Day;
 Which, though as bad as ever *M--ch--l* wrote;
 Stamp'd with these Names, go off as Books of Note:

So Coin, though bad, if with the Royal Face
 Impress'd, securely goes from Place to Place.
 But why shou'd *C-r!* alone this Fame engross?
 Why all appropriate to the publick Loss?
 At forging Names, all Men I believe agree,
 Some other Scriblers are as good as he:
 My Brother *Doctor Alleyne* plainly shows,
 He something of such Imitation knows:
 His poor Dispensatory (mostly stole)
 Fairly declares the Aptness of his Soul.
 But, ah! its Purchasers by much mistook,
 When to the Press they sent the wretched Book:
 Better by far the Jakes had been its Urn,
 Than ever they had known its slow Return.
Quincy, though shining, ne'er appear'd so bright,
 As when compar'd with *Alleyne's Glim'ring Light*:
 Like Stars, that fade at *Sol's* approaching Ray,
 Where he appears, *Alleyne* must die away.

And thus, my Friends, have I perform'd my Part,
 And giv'n you Rules for the *Scriblerian Art*:
 And who so says he better can supply,
 Must own himself a greater Fool than I.

SCRIBLERUS MAXIMUS.